

THE INDEPENDENT

APRIL 16th, 1919

51.90 PER YEAR, 4c PER COPY

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR

GRIMSBY, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY

VILLAGE COUNCIL

Held Special Meeting on April 14th.
Great Deal of Business Transacted on Monday Night

WHAT COUNCIL DID

At special meeting—Passed new By-law for the issue of Debentures of \$15,000.

At Regular Meeting—Passed and ordered paid accounts of \$254.13; refused to pay an account for \$150; accepted and filed Resolution from G. W. V. A.; heard report of Cemetery Committee; passed motion to communicate with the G. T. R. regarding train service, and subway on Depot Street; rented Victoria Park for pasturing two cows, at six dollars per year—then cancelled the motion; discussed Highway route and presentation of Medals, but took no action; adjourned at 11:40 p.m.

The Special Meeting

A special meeting of the Council of the Village of GRIMSBY was held in the office of Councillor H. H. Marsh, on Friday afternoon April 12, 1919. Present: Charles T. Parrell and Councillors Marsh and Theal were present.

Reeve Parrell explained to the meeting that it had been called in order to pass a new Debenture By-law, to provide for the issue of Debentures to the extent of \$15,000, payable in ten years, instead of in fifteen years as the previous By-law had called for; the Ontario Railway Board refusing permission to allow the Corporation to issue fifteen year Debentures.

No. 1. Moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Theal, that leave be granted to introduce a By-law, being a By-law to provide for the issue of Debentures for the Village of GRIMSBY, in the sum of \$15,000, and that the By-law be now read a first time. Carried.

No. 2. Moved by Coun. Theal, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that the By-law just read, be now read a second and third time and do pass, and the Reeve and Clerk sign and seal the same and the title be as in the motion. Carried.

By-Law read a second and third time.

No. 3. Moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Theal, that this Council do now adjourn to meet again at the call of the Reeve. Carried.

Regular Meeting

The regular monthly meeting of the Council of the Village of GRIMSBY met in the Council Chamber, on Monday evening, April 14, 1919, at eight o'clock.

Reeve Parrell in the chair and all Councillors present.

The minutes of the last regular and a special meeting were read and adopted.

The following resolution from the GRIMSBY District Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, relative to the recent appointment of the Superintendent of Works, for the Village and Waterworks Commission, was read and laid before the Council.

Grimsby, Ont., April 8, 1919.
Being a copy of a Resolution adopted by the GRIMSBY District Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, at General Meeting, on Monday evening, April 7, 1919.
Moved by Coun. J. A. M. Livingston, seconded by Coun. W. W. Kidd—
AND RESOLVED, That we, the members of the GRIMSBY District Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada, in General Meeting assembled, regret to learn that your honorable body have seen fit to ignore the application of a returned soldier, for the position as Superintendent of the outside work of the Village Board of Works, and the outside work of the GRIMSBY Water Commission; and we are at a loss to know or understand why this stand was taken by your honorable body, in the matter, as the qualifications of the rejected applicant were equally as good as those of the man appointed to the position; and his application was at a lower rate of pay than was granted to the present incumbent of the office;
AND whereas this is not the first time that such treatment has been accorded to returned soldiers with regard to appointments to civic offices;

WE would, therefore, respectfully request that your honorable body give due consideration in any applications from returned soldiers, for civic positions, in the future.

And that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Village Clerk of GRIMSBY for submission to the Village Council at their first meeting after its receipt by him. Carried.

Grimsby District Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association,
J. A. M. LIVINGSTON, Pres.
C. E. VAUGHAN, Sec.-Treas.

Considerable correspondence with regard to the coming issue of Village Debentures was brought before the Council, but in view of the fact that definite permission for the issue of these has not yet been received, this correspondence was not read out was laid over for consideration at a meeting, in the future, when the necessary permission to issue has been granted.

Moved by Coun. Theal, seconded by

Coun. Marsh, that the attached accounts be paid, and the Reeve and Clerk issue cheques for same. Carried. This list included accounts to the total of \$254.13.

In this connection an account from Dr. J. R. Smith, for professional services to Mrs. Amos Wentworth was discussed. This account has been before the Council upon several occasions, and the Reeve has been handling the matter. Dr. Smith attended Mrs. Wentworth, a year or more ago, and billed her for his services. She did not pay him. He spoke to the Reeve; the Reeve spoke to Mrs. Wentworth. She claimed she did not. Dr. Smith rendered the account to the Council.

The matter is yet to be settled, it having been left to Reeve Parrell, again, to look into the bill amounting to \$250, and about fifty dollars worth of time has been spent, all in all, upon it; and as a matter of fact, the Council is under no obligation to pay the account at all; however, something must be absorbing our Town Fathers or Council meetings would be no fun.

Coun. Mitchell and Coun. Wray reported to the Council that they had, in company with Messrs. W. W. Kidd and J. A. M. Livingston of the G. W. V. A. looked over the ground at the Cemetery, with a view to the changing of the location of the Veterans' plot from its present site to the extreme west end of the Cemetery, and recommended that if the G. W. V. A. were of the same mind, the change be made, and the new location be put into proper condition.

This proposed new location can be made a beautiful spot, with but slight expenditure; and can be made the beauty spot of the cemetery.

Coun. Mitchell also recommended that a great deal of drainage work be done at the same time.

and laying out of the Veterans' Plot be done at the same time.

Moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Theal, that the Resolution passed by the G. W. V. A. and forwarded to this Council be received, and filed, and the Clerk be instructed to notify them that when there is a vacancy for any civic office, and a returned soldier's application, he will, in every instance, be given a preference, if he is considered by the Council capable of filling the position. Carried.

Coun. Mitchell spoke to this motion and suggested that an addition be made to it, to the effect that it and the resolution be read at the first council meeting each year "Tide and Tides" and read the names of the subject, which were very appropriate.

Coun. Mitchell brought up the subject of train service for the Village and considered it a shame that GRIMSBY had such a rotten connection with the outside world, particularly to the East; and to this end it was moved by Coun. Mitchell, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that the attention of the G. T. R. officials be called to the fact that this Village is not enjoying a proper train service at the present time; and that it would be a great convenience to have the train leaving Toronto at 6:45 p.m., stop at GRIMSBY. Carried.

The matter of gravel for the Public Works was brought up by Coun. Marsh, who stated that he did not think that the Village supply of gravel could be secured for the present year, under the usual terms from Mr. Drope. He mentioned that Mr. Drope had certain conditions with regard to assessment, on the building of a proper road to Lake Lodge, be fulfilled, he would allow the Council to have the gravel from his bench at the old price.

It was moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Wray, that the gravel on Mr. Drope's bench be purchased for the year 1919, providing he will accept \$100 for full control of same, and the Superintendent of Works arrange for piling same on beach for use when needed. Carried.

The subject of the drain from R. J. Buehler's property on Depot Street was brought up again, and it was decided to take action upon the resolution of the previous Council, regarding it; and it was moved by Coun. Mitchell, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that the Clerk notify Mr. R. J. Buehler that he must stop running water out on Depot Street, as per a resolution passed at a former meeting of this Council. Carried.

The old subject of a subway under the G. T. R. tracks, across Depot Street was again resumed; and gone over with a fine tooth comb. This was occasioned by the increasing rate of a Village proportion of expense towards the maintenance of a crossing watchman and gatekeeper, in the; and it was moved by Coun. Mitchell, seconded by Coun. Wray, that the Clerk write the G. T. R. and enquire if that Company would consider the proposition of making a subway on Depot Street, in this Village. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Mitchell, seconded by Coun. Theal, that the pasture of Victoria Park be given to Mr. James Jones and Mr. Frank Smart, each to pay \$3.00 for use of same for year 1919. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Wray, that leave be granted to introduce a By-law to amend By-law No. 348, to provide for the levying of a poll tax, making the poll tax \$4.00, in the Village of GRIMSBY, and that the By-law be now read a first time. Carried.

By-law read a first time.

Moved by Coun. Theal, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that the By-law just read, be now read a second and third time and do pass, and the Reeve and Clerk sign and seal the same, and the title be as in the motion. Carried.

By-law read a second and third time.

Moved by Coun. Wray, seconded by Coun. Theal, that the dog tax be the same for the year 1919, as that of 1918. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Theal, seconded by Coun. Marsh, that the motion regarding the pasture of Victoria Park to Messrs. Jones and Smart be rescinded, and the matter left in the hands of the Chairman of the Property Committee. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Marsh, seconded by Coun. Wray, that Couns. Mitchell, Marsh and Wray be appointed a Reception Committee for the presentation of medals and they appoint a chairman from their number. Carried.

Speaking to this motion, which there was considerable discussion, Coun. Mitchell placed himself on record as not being agreeable, presenting the Village Medal, of same class as had been presented to the volunteers, to those who were the colors under subscription. The decision was arrived at this subject, however, and it was laid over, to be taken up at the next meeting, previous to the ordering and presentation of the medals.

On the above question Mitchell had the right idea, for sure.

Moved by Coun. Theal, seconded by Coun. Wray, that this Council do now adjourn to meet again at the call of the Reeve. Carried.

During the three hours spent around the Council Board, by the Councillors, considerable inter-personal "aiding" took place, and one of two discussions arose which threatened to develop into real sporting propositions—Coun. Mitchell is still looking for definite information as to the cost of the team, and the back is always passed from the Clerk to Coun. Theal, and vice versa. It will be interesting if any real dogs be ever forthcoming on this matter in order that it might be closed for all time.

The business done by the Council could easily have been transacted in half the time it took to do it—but as we say, the fun of the game would be thus lost, should the Councillors ever actually get down to business instead of playing about like a lot of school boys on a holiday.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

Beauville not being able to solve her own mystery, particularly the disappearance and re-appearance of "Laura Secord," might find a clue to the lady's whereabouts, while absent without leave, as it were, in the following letter:

Dear Mr. Livingston:

I saw in last week's Independent that Laura Secord had been missing from Beauville for some time, and no one knew her whereabouts.

New perhaps a little conversation I overheard not long ago on a street car will explain things.

There were two girls chatting as we passed the little White Candy Shop, and one said: "Laura Secord, who is she?" The other girl answered: "Have you never had any of her candy, she makes lovely candy." Reading perhaps she was down in Montreal, looking after her candy shops and making candy.

A friend of ours by the name of Secord, when in the States was asked if he was a relation of Laura Secord. He said proudly: "Yes, I can trace a relationship." Then the reply to him was: "My but she can make much candy."

Yours sincerely,
A Reader since the first Independent.

It would be well for the Police Department of Beauville to look into this, as "Laura" is liable to do a thing at almost any time, should her business require her presence.

HOUNDING THE MAN OF MYSTERY

At Moore's Theatre, Grimsby, on Monday evening April 21, 1919, the first episode of a master film-play starring the great Houdini, the hand-off king, will be shown, and the movie patrons of this district can do no better than to be present and continue to be present on each Wednesday evening, to follow the mystery of Houdini as appearing in—
Don't miss an episode. It will worth it.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Court "Prince Edward" No. 6035

The district team from Court "Maple Leaf" Hamilton, attended the meeting of Court "Prince Edward" on Friday evening, April 11th, 1919, to initiate five very promising candidates into the rites and customs of Ancient Forestry. W. James, an old Grimsby boy, is captain of this team, and he certainly has worked hard since returning from overseas to get the team in shape for the degree work.

A large number of visiting members from Hamilton, Beauville, St. Catharines were present, and were very pleased with the excellent work of the degree team during the initiation ceremony. After the business part of the evening was concluded, the huge sound "out," of course we answered the call. The following are Grimsby boys certainly called up the refreshments alright: Alex. Dymes, an official from the High Court, gave a talk on the importance of the order. We had speeches from the visiting members and the meeting closed in peace harmony at 12:45 p.m.

WYNN—In 1918, GRIMSBY, April 15th, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Wynn, a daughter.

WE WELCOME YOU

The boys are coming back from overseas of war time, and it keeps busy keeping track of them, but we can't let it be our fault. There are year relatives' or friends who don't appear in this column after their return, call us up we will soon correct the apparent.

Can say no more to the brave who are now returning from overseas and dangerous duties. "Welcome, and glad to see you" but in those few words a lot of appreciation is expressed; the honor in which we hold the men, in our hearts and minds, deeply planted and everlasting.

LYONS, Pte. H. H.

CHUMP, Pte. J.

SWEET, Pte. Frank, Beauville.

RAPID REPATRIATION

The Grimsby and District Branch Are Now An Absorbed Back to Civilian Life

Mr. C. H. Bromley, Honorary Secretary of the Grimsby District Repatriation Committee reports splendid progress in the work in which he is now busily engaged, towards the repatriation of the returned soldiers of the District.

Every employer of labor in the District was circularized and requested to supply data for the information of the secretary as to his probable labor requirements, the coming season, and the fruit growers and other employers have responded nobly.

It is now up to the returned men, and all service men, in fact for the benefit of whom this committee is working, to keep in touch with Secretary Bromley, whenever they require employment, and if he cannot fix you up, nobody can. The list of requirements he has, even now, is a splendid one, and no returned man need go without work for a single day, if he be not willing to tackle a job.

It speaks well for this district, and the spirit the returning men have shown in getting back to civil life so quickly, that the demands for men far exceed the supply, and it is doubtful if there is one service, or returned man now out of a position, if he be at all able or willing to work.

ARMSTRONG, Pte. Timothy, son of Timothy and Mrs. Parrell, North Grimsby, returned to our midst on Monday of last week, after a very service overseas, of which over two years was spent on the Western Front of France and Belgium. "Tim" was with the 19th Battalion in England, and proceeded to England, was sent to France in June of 1918. After two years in the old land, he was sent to France, and served a campaign.

7 wires, 22 in. between stays; 40 in. high. 40c per red.

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After some months in hospital, and convalescent camp, he was returned to Canada for discharge.

BLANCHARD, Sergt. E. J.—Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Blanchard, of Wilton, now well known in this section of the peninsula returned to his home in St. Catharines, a few days ago after nearly four years overseas service; having enlisted in the early days of the war and proceeding across the pond with the 54th Battalion. He served many, many weary months in France and was promoted to his present rank, in the field.

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BOARD OF EDUCATION HAS DONE NOTHING ABOUT NEW SCHOOL WHEN WILL THEY GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?

The regular meeting of the Grimsby Board of Education after a postponement of two, met in the secretary's office, on the evening of Saturday, April 12, 1919, at eight o'clock.

The Chairman, Mr. W. J. Drope, being absent, Mr. E. W. Pottinger occupied the chair. Member, present: Messrs. Bolton, Marsh, J. Drury, Aitchison, McConachie, Harty and Calder.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Correspondence was read from L. Col. R. J. Huggins, relative to the organization of a Cadet Corps in the schools; from the provincial association of school trustees; and an acknowledgment from Mrs. P. M. Parsons, for one hundred dollars for the piano.

Several accounts were also laid before the board.

Moved by Mr. McConachie, seconded by Mr. Bolton—That the chairman be the delegate to the provincial association of school trustees of Ontario at their convention to be held in Toronto on April 21, 1919. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Aitchison, seconded by Mr. Calder—That the attached accounts be paid. Carried. These amounted to \$12.75.

Moved by Mr. Bolton, seconded by Mr. A. Marsh—That Miss Viola Stewart, be paid for ten days relieving teacher during months of February and March. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McConachie, seconded by Mr. Aitchison—That Mr. John Hicks, of Beauville, be appointed Entrance Examiner. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Aitchison, seconded by Mr. Drury—That the salary of the caretaker of the schools be increased to the amount of \$100.00 per year, to begin on May 1, 1919. Carried.

The principal of the Public School reported March attendance as follows:

| Room No. | On Roll | Average |
|-------------|---------|---------|
| Room No. 6 | 49 | 44 |
| Room No. 5 | 48 | 43 |
| Room No. 4 | 32 | 46 |
| Room No. 3 | 49 | 42 |
| Room No. 2 | 42 | 42 |
| Jr. Primary | 44 | 53 |

The principal of the High School reported attendance for March as follows:

| Form | Boys | Girls | Total |
|--------|------|-------|-------|
| Form 1 | 17 | 16 | 33 |
| Form 2 | 11 | 16 | 27 |
| Form 3 | 17 | 17 | 34 |

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GRAFTON & CO.

Limited

Canada's Leading Clothing Manufacturers
16 and 18 JAMES ST. N., HAMILTON

To Returned Soldiers:

We have given special attention to the needs of our "returned boys," and heartily congratulate them on their safe return. If there is one class of men worthy the support and confidence of the public, it's the soldiers, who have sacrificed so much for us. We have the most liberal plan of dealing with these boys of any store in the city (call and we will prove this to your entire satisfaction); our prices are the lowest, and that marked in plain figures, so when we give a discount, which we do and a very liberal one at that, you may be sure there is no deception in it, nothing but straight, honest, fair dealing; no raising the price to allow for a discount. We offer the hand of welcome to these boys and extend to them all the privileges of this, the largest, best and cheapest store for clothing and furnishings in Canada. You're welcome whether you buy or not.

Men's and Young Men's New Suits

\$19.98 \$24.00 \$28.00 \$30.00 \$35.00

All the latest models, including the trim-fitting waist seam so popular with younger men. Snappy one and two button suit and the good solid, conservative three button suit. Made from finer of finished and unfinished worsteds, chevrons, tweeds and cashmeres, in all the leading colors and designs.

GRAFTON & CO. Ltd.

HAMILTON, ONT.

J. R. WATSON, MANAGER

The Pure Food Cook Book \$1.00

For the bride or the experienced housewife who delights in serving good foods in appetizing ways. Edited by Mildred McDocks, associated editor of Good Housekeeping Magazine. Neat and instructive notes on food and food values. Interesting illustrations on table setting, etc. A great big dollar value, mailed to you postage free, if ordered at once.

CLOKE & SON
16 WEST KING ST.
HAMILTON.

EASTER OFFER FOR RETURNED MEN

We respectfully desire to call the attention of returned men to our advertisement in this issue of the Independent. They will note that we have a special message for them, and it will pay them to read it on another page.

In our large and heavily stocked store on James Street North, Hamilton, we have the finest range of suits, coats and furnishings that can be found anywhere in Canada, and when returned men call upon us we do not follow the pernicious practice of pretending to cut down prices in order to gain their trade—but we give them values so good for their money that we doubt if they can equal them anywhere in this country.

Our goods are all made right at home—in our own large factory at Dundas, and the quality is of the very best, while the price is as low as the times will afford. Give us a trial and you will never regret it.

GRAFTON & CO., Hamilton.

BEACH BREEZES

Mr. George Gibson of Collingwood has been stationed at the Beach by the Canada Steamship Lines, to assist Mr. Walters in the superintending of the general cleanup that is now going on in the property, preparatory to the opening for the season.

Mr. Frank Lambert, Park 2 of 3 erected a new building on property.

The D. Marsh carpenters of York are busy engaged in their making repairs and additions to the cottages.

The dock at the Beach is not completed as being in a deplorable condition, and it is expected that the Canada Steamship Lines will make temporary repairs to it, previous to opening of the navigation season.

The fruit growers of the north are busy engaged in spraying and putting ready for the coming season, and preparing for a good crop being made.

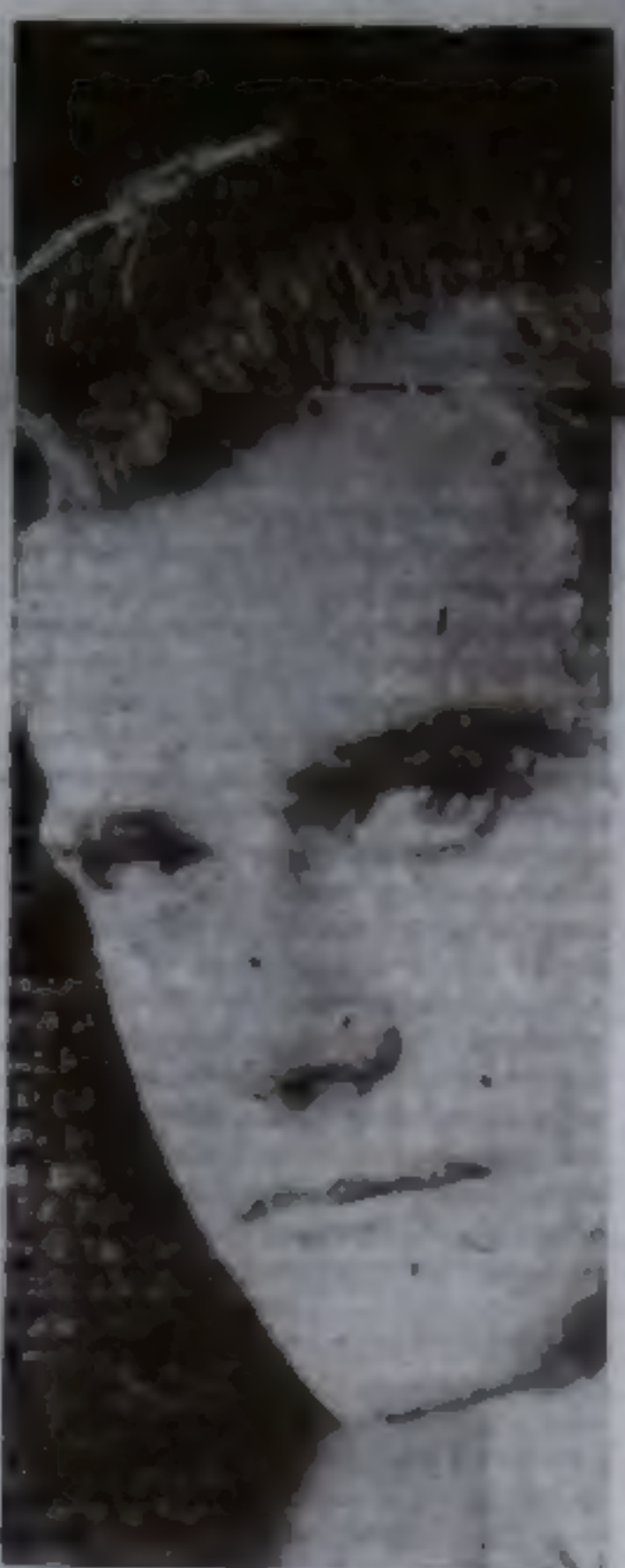
Cole Bros. are cutting lumber at the Beach property for the company and have now one hundred tons of lumber on hand for the winter.

PAID UP LIST

| | |
|---|---------------------------|
| E. G. Becker, Cleveland, O., Aug. 31/18 | John Young, Calmar Centre |
| P. Blanchard, Wexham | Dec. 31/18 |
| J. J. Bewick, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| J. Brooks, Grimsby | March 31/19 |
| S. H. Bonham, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| M. H. John, Grimsby | Aug. 1/19 |
| Mrs. Wm. Cowan, Grimsby | Apr. 1/19 |
| E. J. Wainwright & Sons, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| W. E. Collingford, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| W. J. Cannon, Grimsby | Apr. 1/19 |
| W. Jackson, Carp | Dec. 31/18 |
| Jas. Dunn, Money Creek | March 1/19 |
| A. R. Telford, Hamilton | Dec. 31/18 |
| M. Prumpton, Beamsville | Dec. 31/18 |
| G. M. Reamer, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| Alfred Teeter, Mt. Allison | Dec. 31/18 |
| P. English, Beamsville | Dec. 31/18 |
| R. P. Upham, Brockton, Mass. | Dec. 31/18 |
| H. D. Walker, Grimsby | Apr. 1/19 |
| W. J. Schwall, Grimsby | Dec. 31/18 |
| John Monaghan, Grimsby | Feb. 1/19 |

THE DUFF

The flying men were beating a little about the risks they had run on the falls they had survived, and the most infatigable of them and the most of the latter, however, was not quite so much as he seemed. "You're not telling us anything wonderful," he chipped in. "Why, I know a chap who never was in the army even, and yet he dropped seventy feet into a vat of scalding water and wasn't a bit the worse. In fact,



DEPT. LYTELL

In "The Trail to Yesterday," to be seen at Moore's Theatre, Grimsby, on Saturday evening, April 19. Do not miss it. Matt and Jeff will also be present for the entertainment of the kiddies on Saturday evening, at Moore's theatre, and the older folks enjoy them as much as the younger ones.

went straight on with the flying "Oh, choose it!"

"It's true," said the boy.

They were playing foot.

Additional Local

In passing through the streets we notice that the through bridges and shrubs, and a lot of damage. We are a great deal of the destruction particularly in the destruction of the bridge. The boys have Smith, and we think it is the children against such a condition. The children are trying to be taught to take care of it, but not interfere; because every body should try to make Grimsby the best spot of the country.

Councillor George Douglas of North Grimsby is certainly doing his share in the way of poultry production this year. He reports that he has five hens on thirteen eggs each, a month ago, and they have brought out the remarkable hatch of sixty-one living chicks. Councillor Douglas also reports a more remarkable hatch. He has one hen on thirteen eggs, and she has hatched fourteen chicks, living. One does not claim, however, that the thirteen chicks came from the thirteen eggs.

There will be a great chance at Beamsville next Saturday afternoon to buy dimes, gloves, cutlery, etc. the auction sale of the contents of the "Ara" Restaurant.

AUCTION SALE DATES.

April 20.—On this date, at the Holy Cross, Beamsville, at one o'clock, Mr. G. Jacob will offer the contents of the restaurant building, near the Police Camp, the entire contents of it in the way of restaurant and kitchen equipment; household furniture, etc., and a few trucks, which may be converted into a roadster. The bills for complete list. Jas. A. Livingston, auctioneer.

April 21.—Under power of a mortgage to be produced at time of sale, there will be offered, on this date, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on premises "The Rockman Fruit Farm," one-half mile north of the Grimsby Trunk Station, Beamsville, a large tract of choice fruit land, all of which is in full bearing; new barns, and other buildings; beautiful location. See bills for complete list. Jas. A. Livingston, Auctioneer.

Sir Wilfred Laurier

(By Peter McArthur)

A fine, short biography of Sir Wilfred Laurier that will have the approval of his admirers. Peter McArthur has handled the life of Canada's great leader in masterly style.

\$1.00

Robt. Duncan & Co.

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James St. and Market Square
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Closing Hour 5:30 p.m. Water days 9 p.m.

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The smut can be killed easily

PARK'S SMUTINE

We can supply SMUTINE in quantities with full directions for use.

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"The Big Cash Store"

(We Deliver All Orders.)

These Prices good until the next issue of this paper.

SUGAR-SUGAR

We have just purchased 2 carloads of the best Granulated sugar. Here's a special price for a week, 100 lb bags... \$10.75

CANNED PUMPKIN

10 cans, 3 1/2 lb. tins, new Pumpkin... 3 lbs for 25c

CANNED PEAS

Peas are fine... 2 lbs for 25c

TORRIFICS

All kinds... 2 for 25c
Shredded Wheat... 2 for 25c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 2 for 25c
Grape Nuts... 1 lb

JAMS

Pure fruit, Raspberry and strawberry flavors, about 4 lb. jars... 75c

CANNED BEANS

Canned Green Beans in tin (delicious)... 2 lbs for 25c

SEEDS

We have a fine display of both seed and packet seeds, onion sets, and Multipliers.
Comfort Soap (the biggest bar) 4 bars for 25c
Snowflake Ammonia, large packets... 3 for 25c
Old Dutch Cleanser... 1 lb
Cooking Beans... 5 lbs, for 25c
Hood Picked Beans... 1 lb

POTATOES

(A large shipment just in) (fine potatoes) \$1.75 bag or 25c per bushel (prime September)... 25c
Also some fine old cheese.
Lemons... 25c doz.

FLOUR

(Gold Medal)... 34 lb. bag \$1.50
Five Stars Flour 24 lb. bags \$1.50
Domestic Shortening... 25c
Pure Lard... 25c
Ginger Snaps... 1 lb
Butter (choice Dairy)... 25c lb.

Grassies Store News

Spring is here and I suppose you have been waiting for my fence price which I stated I would send you. I think they will interest you. They are as follows:

Full gauge No. 9 wire.
6 wires, 32 in. between stays; 60 in. high. 45c per rod.
7 wires, 32 in. between stays; 60 in. high. 45c per rod.
7 wires, 22 in. between stays; 60 in. high. 51c per rod.
8 wires, 22 in. between stays; 47 in. high. 51c per rod.
9 wires, 22 in. between stays; 30 in. high. 51c per rod.
9 wires, 16 1/2 in. between stays; 30 in. high. 47c per rod.
All full gauge No. 9 wire.
Delivered to your station in 50 rods or more from factory. Send along your orders to be shipped to you, as I do not intend to stock all above lines. The No. 9 wire is a choice stock fence. All spacing is 6 inches apart.

I am now clearing out several lines of heavy shoes which lack some sales. They are reduced 50c per pair to clear. They are all choice heavy stock that I know will suit you if you only see them. They are the whole stock, English hip, some oil tan color; some box calf with h.g. lining, and good heavy soles. Also several pairs of the famous Uru calf, the leather that does not get hard but keeps the water out. These are extra choice value considering the quality that are being put out at the factories today.

I also have a choice range of heavy shoes besides these, with all sizes, that cannot be beat for price and quality. If you are needing anything in this line do not miss seeing my stock.

My stock of paints is now complete. The Bramdrum Hendersons, also hard oil varnish and the Everlasting Varnish for floors, the best on the market. Also floor paints, wagner paint, china lac varnish stain. Are you thinking of whitening or coloring your ceiling in your house? If so try Bramdrum-Hendersons Procesta cold water finish. We keep it on hand in 5 and 2 1/2 lb. packages. It will not rub off like white wash, and covers good with one coat. No trouble to mix. Only add cold water.

The roads will soon be in good shape, and you will be wanting to use your car, and then you will begin to think where can I get oil. I have the National Carbonless Gas engine oil, at 25c per quart, or 50c per gallon. Bring along your car and have it filled. I also have the standard gasoline oil at 25c per gallon. This is choice oil for any purpose. Also the Eldorado Castor Motor Oil, at 50c per gallon, a good heavy oil. Lined oil, raw, \$2.25 per gal. 1 gallon less \$2.15; bottled \$2.25, or 5 lb. in 2 gallon tins. Also gasoline 70 lbs. and at \$15.00 per 100 lbs. in 25 lb. tins.

Now is the time to rig up your harness and the best thing to oil them with is the Baruch Harness Oil. This oil does not rub off and blackens the hands, and gives the harness a jet black, glossy finish. Try it and see what a nice finish it will give you. One price to all.

J. O. MOORE
General Merchant, 1-1 Grimsby.

FOR SALE

A pure bred Rhode Island Red Cock-pen.
JAN. L. LIVINGSTON
Grimsby

APPLE BUTTER

Is cheap, tasty and beautiful, and better for children than Olusmar-garine.

Price 12 1/2 cents per pound.

JAN. A. LIVINGSTON
Grimsby

Public Notice

Every Householder in the Village of Grimsby, and in the Township of North Grimsby, is hereby notified to CLEAN UP his or her cellars, buildings, yards, walls, etc., before May 1st, 1919. It is particularly required that all walls which are in use shall be cleaned out before July 1st, 1919.

R. A. ALEXANDER, M.D.
Medical Officer of Health

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between LESLIE MILTON WILCOX and ERNIE ELTON PATTERSON, carrying on business under the firm name of Wilcox & Patterson and the Grimsby Chopping Mill, has this day been dissolved.

All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to Leslie Milton Wilcox, and all claims against said partnership are to be presented to the said Leslie Milton Wilcox, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at the Village of Grimsby, this fifth day of April, 1919.

L. M. WILCOX,
E. E. PATTERSON.

Witness: **G. H. KIRK.**
The said business will hereafter be carried on at the same place by the said Leslie Milton Wilcox.

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER of the estate of Julia Cairns Henry, late of the Township of North Grimsby, widow, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to Statute, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the late Julia Cairns Henry, who died on or about the 13th day of December, 1915, are required to send in or before the 24th day of April, 1919, to send proof prepaid or deliver to Catherine Jane Cole, of the Township of North Grimsby, in the County of Lincoln, married woman, the Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased, their claims and names, addresses and descriptions with full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their securities, if any, held by them, duly verified by affidavit.

And take notice, that after the said 24th day of April, 1919, the said Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which the said Administratrix shall have then notice and that the said Administratrix will not be liable for the said assets, on any part thereof, so distributed to any person or persons of whom notice has not been received at the time such distribution is so made.

DATED at Grimsby this 7th day of April, 1919.

G. H. McCONACHIE,
Grimsby, Ontario,
Attorney for the Administratrix

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Wonderful opportunities await the business man or the merchant who is seeking wider scope and greater rewards for his energy in Western Canada, along the lines of the Canadian National Railways.

Information of value to intending settlers and to others interested is given in FREE book, "Homecoming and Settling in Canada," sent free through trains from Grimsby and Eastern Canada via Lake Superior's Hinterland and the Great City belt along the international coast, and the logical route for Canadian Expansion—western C.N.R. Agents, or write

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of such talk. I've brought you a present, Mattie." He stretched out a leg that reached beyond the limits of the front porch and dove into his trousers pocket, bringing out a buckskin sack. He fumbled at the knot a minute and then passed it over, saying, "You try it—your fingers are scupper than mine." Miss Mattie's fingers were shaking, but the knots finally came undone, and from the sack she brought forth a chain of rich, dull yellow links fashioned into a necklace. It weighed a pound. She spread it out and looked at it at once. "Gorgeous, Will! Is that gold?" she asked.



"It's my own cousin," she whispered to herself.

"That's what," he replied. "The real article, just as it came out of the ground; I dug it myself. That's the reason I'm here. I'd never got money enough to go anywhere farther than a home could carry me. If I hadn't taken a fly at placer mining and hit her to bust her—the very subject." Miss Mattie looked first at the bracelet, splendid necklace and then at the bracelet, splendid necklace. Things gave confused before her in trying to realize that it was real. What two phrases so separated in their origin as her world and his? She had the imagination that is usually lacking in small communities, and the feeling of a fairy story came true possessed her. "And now, Mattie," said he, "I don't know what's manners in this part of the country, but I'll make free enough on the cousin part of it to tell you that I could look at some rigger without flinching. I've worn a heap to-day, and I ain't used to walking."

"Why, you poor man!" said she. "Of course you're starved! It must be nearly 11 o'clock. I almost forgot about eating. Living here alone. You shall have supper directly. Will you come in or sit a spell outside?" "Thanks, I'll come in," said Red. "Don't want to lose sight of you now that I've found you."

It was some time since Miss Mattie had felt that any one had cared enough for her not to want to lose sight of her, and a delicate warm bloom went over her cheeks. She hurried into the little kitchen.

"Mattie!" called Red. "What is it, Will?" she answered, coming to the door. "Can I smoke in this little house?" "Certainly. Sit right down and make yourself comfortable. Don't you remember that a smoker father was?" Red tried the different chairs with his hand. They were not a stalwart lot. Finally he spied the homestead rocker in the corner. "There's the lad for me," he said, drawing it out. "Got to be kinder careful how you throw the pommel around."

"Mercy!" cried Miss Mattie, pan in hand. "Do you weigh as much as that, Will?" "I do," returned Red, with much satisfaction. "And there isn't over two pounds of it fat at that." "What a great man you have grown up to be, Will!" Red took in a deep draft of tobacco and sent the vapor curling across the little room.

"On the hay scales, you," he answered, with a sort of joking enthusiasm. "But otherwise I don't know."

The return to the old home had lunched the big man deeply, and as he leaned back in his chair there was a shade of melancholy on his face that became it well.

Miss Mattie took in the man of him stretched out at his ease, his legs crossed, and the patriarch out of his face, to which the returned miner gave a cavalier touch. They were good stock, the Randalls, and the breed had not declined in the only two extant.

ate the little cakes and biscuits and said they were the dearest but he never tasted. He also took some pot chowder under a misapprehension, swallowed it and said to himself that he had been through worse things than that. Then, when his appetite had just begun to develop, the landlord on the previous evening told him that it was time to stop. Meanwhile they had mugged the sides of old times at random, and as Red took in Miss Mattie, pink with excitement and sparkling as to eyes, he thought, "That the supper it's a square meal just to look at her. If she ain't pretty good people, I miss my guess."

It was a merry meal. He had such a way of telling things; Miss Mattie hadn't laughed so much for years, and she felt that there was no one that she had known so long and so well as Cousin Will. There was only one jar-ring note—Red spoke of the vigorous celebration that had been followed by the finding of gold. It was certainly well told, but Miss Mattie asked in soft horror when he had finished, "You didn't get—intoxicated—Will?" "Did I?" said he, lost in memory and not noticing the tone. "Well, I put my hand down the throat of that man's town and turned her inside out! It was like as if Christmas and Fourth of July had happened on the same day."

"Oh, Will," cried Miss Mattie, "I can't think of you like that—rolling in the gutter!" Her voice shook and broke off. Her knowledge of the effect of stimulants was limited to Fairfield's one drunkard—old Tommy McKee, a respectable old Irishman—but drunkenness was the worst vice in her world.

"Rolling in the gutter!" cried Red in astonishment. "Why, girl, what for would I roll in the gutter? What's the fun in that? Jimmy Christmas! I wanted to walk on the telegraph wires. There wasn't anything in that town high enough for me. What put gutter into your head?"

"I—I supposed people did that when they were—like that."

"I wouldn't waste my money on whisky if that's all the inspiration I got out of it," replied Red.

"Well, of course I don't know about those things, but I wish you'd promise me one thing."

"Done!" cried Red. "What is it?" "I wish you'd promise me not to touch whisky again."

"There! That's a pretty big order!" He stopped and thought a minute. "If you'll make that 'never touch it' when it ain't needed, leaving when it's needed to what's my idea of the square thing on a promise, I'll go you, Mattie. There's my hand."

"Oh, I shouldn't have said anything at all, Will. I have no right, but it seemed such a pity such a splendid man—I mean—I think. You mustn't promise me anything, Will," stammered Miss Mattie, shocked at her own daring.

"Here!" he cried. "I'm no little kid! When I promise I mean it! As for your not having any right, ain't we all there? You've got to be mother and sister and aunt and everything to me. I ain't so young as I have been, Mattie, and I miss the ways terrible at times. Now, put out your tin like a good person, and here goes for no more rhinoceros for Chanta Reeches Red—time I quit drinking, anyhow," he slipped a ring off his little finger. "Here, hold out your hand," said he. "I'll put this on for luck and the sake of the promise—by the same token, I've got a noose on you now, and you're my property."

This of course was only Cousin Will's joking, but Miss Mattie noticed with a sudden hot flush that he had chosen the engagement finger in all ignorance, she felt sure. The last thing she could do would be to call his attention to the fact or run the risk of hurting his feelings by transferring the ring; besides, it was a pretty ring, a rough ruby in a plain gold band—and looked very well where it was.

Then they settled down for what Red called a good medicine talk. Miss Mattie found herself boldly speaking of little fancies and notions that had remained in the inner shrine of her soul for years, deriving from the mother-of-fact eye of Fairfield; yet this big, ferocious looking Cousin Will seemed to find them both sane and interesting, and as her self respect went up in the arithmetic her admiration for Cousin Will went up in the geometrical ratio. He frankly admitted weaknesses and faults that the maker of Fairfield would have rejected scornfully.

Miss Mattie spoke of sleeping upstairs, because she could not rid herself of the fear of somebody coming in.

"I know just how you feel about that," said Red. "My hair used to be on its feet most of the time when we were in the hay camp at the lake beds. Gee whizz! The rattlers! We put hair ropes around—but them rattlers liked a squint over hair ropes for exercise. One morning I woke up and there was a crawler on my chest. For God's sake, Pete! says I to Antelope Pete, who was rolled up next to me, come take my friend away! and I a-d-d-bolder very loud neither. Pete was chain lightning in pants and he grabs Mr. Rattler by the tail and snaps his neck, but I felt lonesome in my inside till dinner time. You bet! I know just how you feel exactly. I didn't have a man's sized night's rest while we was in that part of the country."

It struck Miss Mattie that the crows were hardly parallel. "A rattlesnake on your chest, Will?" she cried, with her hands clasped in terror.

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as it sounds. He was asleep, rolled up there to get warm—sharper nights on the prairie in August—had darn it, Mattie," wrinkling up his nose in disgust. "I hate the sight of the brutes!"

"Supper's ready!" Red repeated.

Red repeated.

"That you wouldn't be afraid of a man, Will?" "Well, no," admitted he. "I've never been troubled much that way. You see, everybody has a different fear. I throw a crimp in them. Mine's rattlesnakes and them little lings with forty million pairs of legs. I pass right out when I see one of them things. They give me a feeling as if my stomach had melted."

"Weren't the Indians terrible out there, too?" asked Miss Mattie. "I'm sure they must have been."

"Oh, they ain't but people if you see 'em right," said Red. "Not that I like 'em any better on the ground than I do," he added hastily, fearful of betraying the sentiment of his country. "But I never had but one real argument man to man. Black Wolf and I come together over a matter of who owned my cayuse, and from words we backed off and got to shooting. He raked me from knee to hip, as I was kneeling down, doing the best I could by him and wasting ammunition because I was in a hurry. Still, I did beat his ankle. In the middle of the fuss a stray shot hit the cayuse in the head, and he croaked without a remark, so there we were, a pair of fools miles from home with nothing left to quarrel about! You could have fired an egg on a rock that day, and it always makes you thirsty to get shot anywhere serious, thinking of which I haltered peace to old Black Wolf and told him I'd pull straps with him to one who took my cayuse down to the creek and got some fresh water. He was agreeable and we hunched up to each other. It ain't to my credit to say it, but I was worse hurt than that injury, so I worked him. He got the short straw, and had to crawl a mile through cactus, while I sat comfortable on the cause of the disagreement and yelled to him that he looked like a ladder and other things that an injury wouldn't feel was a compliment."

Red leaned back and roared. "I can see him now putting his hands down so careful and turning back every once in awhile to see me. Turned out that it was his cayuse, too. Feller that said it to me had stole it from him. I oughtn't to laugh over it, but I can't help but snicker when I think how I did that injury."

Generally speaking, Miss Mattie had a lively sense of humor, but the joke of this was lost on her. Her education had been that getting shot was far from funny.

"Why, I should have thought you would have died, Will?"

"What for a little crack in the leg?" cried Red, with some impatience. "You people mustn't quit easy in this country. Do nothing. One of our boys came along and took us to camp, and we was up and doing again in no time. Course, Black Wolf has a game leg for good, but the worst that's stuck to me is a rank or two of rheumatism in the rainy season. I paid Will for his cayuse, an Indian character. I had the laugh on him anyhow."

Miss Mattie told him she thought that was noble of him, which tribute Red took as medicine and shifted the subject with speed to practical affairs. He asked Miss Mattie how much money she had and how she managed to make out. Now, it was one of the canons of good manners in Fairfield not to speak of material matters, perhaps because there was so little material matter in the community, but Miss Mattie, doomed to a thousand income petty economies, had often longed for a sympathetic ear to pour into it a good honest complaint of having to do this and that. She could not exactly go this far with Cousin Will, but she could say it was pretty hard to get along and gave some details. She felt that she knew him so very well in a few hours! Red heard with nods of assent. He had created the conditions at once.

"It ain't any fun skidding on the this ice," said he when they had concluded the talk. "I've had to count the beans I put in the pot, and it made me hate arithmetic worse than when I went over reader to school. Well, them days have gone by for you, Mattie."

He reached down and, pulling out a green roll, slapped it on the center table. "How that in and lumber up and remember that there's more behind it."

Miss Mattie broke down. The 24 furlong realized strain of fifteen years had made itself felt when the cord snapped. "I don't know how to thank you. I don't know what to say. Oh, Will! It seems too good to be true."

"What you crying about, Mattie?" said he, in sore distress. "Now hold on! Listen to me a minute! There's something I want you to do for me."

"What is it?" she asked, drying her eyes.

"For dinner tomorrow," he replied, "let's have a roast of beef about that size," indicating a washbasin. The diversion was complete.

"Why, Will! What would we ever do with it?" said she.

"Do with it? Why, eat it!" "But we couldn't eat all that!" "Then throw what's left to the crows."

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ain't going to fall down on me just after I eat!" with much sentiment.

"I shall have the roast of beef to me that you're fond of you eat, Will," said Miss Mattie, with a quivering smile.

have a good stomach that's all done the right thing by me when I ate the right thing by it," said Mattie, just to support. But old lady, look at that! pointing a clock. "Eleven-thirty; time de-peep. were putting up for the night."

words brought to an acute stage underling fear which had passed through Miss Mattie's mind at intervals during the evening. Where was she to look for sleeping accommodations for a man? She revolved against all the rest of Fairfield for a place of her house for the purpose.

Habit of thought had made these difficult for Miss Mattie to say "I'll sleep in the barn! You'll not do such things!" cried Miss Mattie. "You'll sleep right here on the sofa or chairs in my bed, just as you please."

If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. He help me Red, I'd another in the barn. Had the darndest thing coming that ever was—broke. Little white mice with the walls coming in on me. Worms then rattlesnakes for keeping a man awake. Reminds me of the hospital. Horse fly on me once and I was so mad so that I had to be put to get put up again, and I never struck such a month as that since I was born. The doc told me I oughtn't to move, but I told him I'd chuck him out of the window if he tried to stop me, and up I got. I'd have gone down sure if they'd held me a week more. I speak for the barn, Mattie, and I speak real loud; that is, I mean to say I'm going to sleep in the barn, unless there's somebody a heap larger than you on the premises. Now, there's no one for you to talk—I'm going to do as I please."

Well, I think that's just dreadful!" said Miss Mattie. "I'd like to know what feller will think of me to hear turned my own cousin out in the barn." Her voice trailed off a little as she sat at the girl of what they said if he stayed in the home occurred to her. "Well," she continued, "you're not I suppose I can't object," as Mattie was not a good hand at saying a part.

"I'm not," said Red. "Get me a blanket." As she came in with this he added, "Say, Mattie, could you let me have a loaf of bread? I've got a habit of wanting something to eat in the middle of the night."

"Certainly! Don't you want some butter with it? Here, I'll fix it for you on a plate."

"No, don't waste dish washing. I'll show you how to fix it. He cut the loaf of bread in half, pulled out a portion of the soft part and filled the hole with butter. "There we are, and nothing to bother with afterward."

"That's a right smart notion, Will, but you'll want a knife."

In answer he drew out a leather case from his breast pocket and opened it.

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stied along as it listed without regard for law and order. It struck Miss Mattie to the heart. Her gingham, with its misty dreams of happiness, came back to her on the wings of music.

"Isn't that a sweet tune?" she said, with a lump in her throat.

She went up into her room and sat down a moment in confusion, trying to grasp the reality of all that had happened. In the middle of the belief that these things were not so came the regret of a sensitive mind for errors committed. She remembered, with a sudden sinking, that she had not thanked him for the necklace. And the money lay even now on the parlor table where he had cast it! This added the physical fear of thieves. Down she went and got the money, counted out, to her unmitigated astonishment, \$500 and thrust it beneath her pillow, with a shiver. She wished she had thought to tell him to take care of it. But suppose the thieves were to fall on him as he slept? Red's friends would have spent their sympathy on the thieves. She rejoiced that the money was where it was. Then she tried to remember what she had said throughout the evening.

"Well, I suppose I must have acted like a ninny," she concluded. "It isn't he just splendid!" And as Cousin Will's handsome face, with its daring, kind eyes, came to her vision she felt comforted. "I don't believe but what he'll make every allowance for how excited I was," said she. "He seems to understand those things for all he's such a large man. Well, it doesn't seem as if it could be true." With a half sigh, Miss Mattie knelt and sent up her modest petition to her Maker and got into her little white bed.

In the meantime Red's actions would have awakened suspicion. He hunted around until he found a tin can, then lit a match and rammed the barn amid terror stricken squawks from the inhabitants, the hens.

"One, two, three, four," he counted. "Beckon I can last out till morning on that. Mattie, she's white people—just the nicest I ever saw—but she ain't used to providing for a full grown man."

He stepped to the back of the barn and looked about him. "Nobody can see me from here," he said in satisfaction. Then he scraped together a pile of chips and sticks and built a fire, filled the tin can at the brook, set it on two stoves over the fire, rolled himself a cigarette and waited. A large, yellow toment came out of the barn and threw his green headlights on him, mowing tentatively.

"Hello, pussy!" said Red. "You hungry too? Well, just wait a minute and I'll help that feeling. Like bread, pussy?" The cat gobbled the morsel greedily, came closer and begged for more. The tin can boiled over. Red popped the eggs in, puffed his cigarette to a bright coal and looked at his watch by the light. "Cool Ten minutes more now!" said he. "Hardly seems to me as if I could wait." He pulled the watch out several times. "What's the matter with the J-a thing? I believe it's stopped," he growled. But at last "Time!" he shouted gleefully, kicked the can over and gathered up its treasures in his hands.

"Now, Mr. Cat, we're going to do some real eating," said he. "Just sit right down and make yourself at home. This is kind of fun, by Jinks!" Down went the eggs, and down went the loaf of bread in generous slices, never forgetting a fair share for the cat.

"Woosh! I feel better!" cried Red. "And now for some sleep." He wound up into the hayloft, spread the blanket on the still fragrant old hay and rolled himself up in a trice.

"I did a good turn when I came on here," he mused. "If I have got only one relation, she's a dandy—so pretty and quiet and nice. She's a marker for all I've got, in Mattie."

The cat came up, purring and "making bread." He sniffed feline fashion at Red's face.

"For! School Go 'way, pussy! Settle yourself down and we'll pound our ear for another forty miles. I like you first rate when you don't walk on my face." He stretched and yawned enormously. "Yes, sir, Mattie's all right!" said he. "A-a-a-l-r-r-r!" And Chanta Reeches Red was in the land of dreams. Here, back in God's country, within twenty miles of the place where he was born, the wanderer laid him down again, and in spite of cold and foggy, whisky and poker cards, wear and tear, hard time, and hardest test of all, sudden fortune, he was much the same impulsive, honest, generous, droll-may-care boy who had left there twenty-four years ago.

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sound. Stopping at the rosebush, he picked a rose.

"That's the real old time smell," he said as he held it to his nose. "Sweetbriars are good, and I go back on 'em, but they ain't got the same rose fellow here."

He stood in hand, he walked between Miss Mattie's windows, and he was the first thing her eye fell upon.

"I startled exclamation made him look up before she had time to withdraw.

"Hello, there!" he called joyfully. "How do you open up this day? You look pretty well!" he added, with a note of admiration. Miss Mattie had the wavy hair which is never in better order than when left to its own devices. Her idea of coiffure was not the most becoming that could have been selected, as she felt that a "young" style of hairdressing was foolish for a single woman of her years. Now, with the pretty soft hair lying, her eyes still humid with sleep and a touch of color in her face from the surprise, relieved against the fleecy shawl she had thrown about her shoulders, she was inconspicuously both a discreet and pretty picture. Yet Miss Mattie could not forget the bare feet and nightgown, although they were hidden from masculine eyes by wood and plaster, and she was embarrassed. Still, with all the superstitious fancies, Miss Mattie had a strong backbone of New England common sense. She answered that she felt very well indeed, and to cover any awkwardness, inquired what he had in his hand.

"Good old rose," replied Red. "Old time smell—better suited to you than to me—ketch!"

At the word he tossed it, and Miss Mattie caught it dexterously. Red had an exceedingly keen eye for some things, and he noticed the certainty of the action. He noted furtively. "A person can do things right if they've got minds that work," was one of his pet sayings. "Taint the muscles at all; it's in the head, and I like the kind of head that's in use all the time." Therefore this small affair made an impression on him.

"Why, you could be a baseball player," said he.

"I used to play with Joe when I was a girl," said Miss Mattie, smiling. "I always liked boys' play better than I did girls'. Joe taught me how to throw a ball too. He said he wouldn't play with me unless I learned not to 'scoop it,' girl fashion. I s'pose you will be wanting 'breech'ant." There was a hint of sarcasm, in the doubt of the inquiry.

"That's what I do," said Red. "You must just bustle down and get things to bolting or I'll throw bricks through the windows. I've been up, for the last two hours."

"Why, I don't believe it!" said Miss Mattie.

"No more do I. But it seems like it," replied Red. "Don't you want the fire started? Come down and open up the stove."

When Miss Mattie appeared at the door in her robe with an armful of wood, dropping it, man fashion, crash, on the floor.

"Skip out of the way," said he. "I'll show you how to build a fire."

The early morning had been the most desolate time to Miss Mattie. As the day warmed up the feeling of loneliness vanished, perhaps to return at evening, but not then with the same absoluteness as when she walked about the kitchen to the echo of her own footsteps in the morning.

Now the slamming and the banging which accompanied Red's energetic actions rang in her ears most cheerfully. She even found a relish in the smothered oath that heralded the thrust of a splinter in his finger. It was very wicked, but it was also very much alive.

Red arose and dusted off his knees. "Now we're off!" he said as the fire began to roar. "What's next?" "If you'd grind the coffee, Will!" she suggested.

"Sure! Where's the hand organ?" He put the mill between his knees and converted the beans to powder to the tune of "Old Dog Tray" through very amusing.

She measured out the coffee, one spoonful for each cup and one for the pot. Red watched her patiently, and when she had finished he threw in the rest of the contents of the mill drawer. "I like it fairly strong," said he in explanation.

"Now, Will!" protested Miss Mattie. "Look at you! That will be as bitter as honey!"

"Thin her up with milk and she'll be all right," replied Red.

"Well, such wasteful ways I never did see. Nobody'd think you were a day over fifteen."

"I'm not," said Red stoutly, "and," catching her chin in his hand and turning her face up toward him, "nobody'd put your score much higher than that neither if they trusted to their eyes this morning."

The compliment did as touching a place that Miss Mattie lacked the resolution to tear it out; besides, it was so honest that it sounded much less like a compliment than a plain statement of fact. She bent hastily over the fire. "I'm glad I look young, Will," she said softly.

"Gee! It!" he assented heartily. "What's the sense in being old, any-

body young."

"You're not forty years old!" exclaimed Miss Mattie. "You're joking."

"Nary joke—forty round trips from spring snow to roses over I hit him. Mattie—will, you were only a little girl when I left here—don't you remember? You and your folks came to see me the week before I left. I got a thrashing for taking you and Joe to the railroad and taking you to see

(To be continued next week)

